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NO. 6.

A JAPANESE TEA-HOUSE.

THIS scene is intended to represent a tea-house in Japan.

In Japan such places serve for the same purpose as restaurants or lunch-houses do in this country.

Tea-houses, such as the one seen in the picture, are very common in Japan. They are to be found both in the thickly-populated cities and along the highways upon which the people travel from one town to another.

The principal and best-built road upon the island of Nippon, which is the largest of the Japan isles, is called the Tocado. It is a smooth, firmly-set road, and extends across the entire island. Tea-houses are placed at intervals on this road, where travelers, who are mostly pedestrians, stop for refreshments while on their journey.

The tea is served in small cups, with cakes and sugar plums as a dessert. In first-class tea-houses, each individual is supplied with a small, low table, by which he seats himself on the matted floor to partake of his meals. A number of girls dressed in gorgeous costumes, and who are very graceful and polite in their manners, are in attendance. One of these kneels by the side of each guest, in readiness to supply him with a new course when he desires. The bill of fare usually consists of hot tea, vege-

table soup, raw fish, game, rice prepared in various styles, sweetened fruits, confectionery and several other dishes. A liquor, distilled from rice, called *saki*, is offered with every course, and is served with great ceremony.

The Japanese are a very industrious people. Their habits of patience, frugality and industry could be emulated with profit by more enlightened nations.

The population of the islands is estimated at between forty and fifty millions. When we consider how thickly-populated the country must be, we are led to wonder how it is possible for them to produce what is necessary for their own consumption.

Every piece of ground in Japan that can be utilized is carefully cultivated. The land is divided into small plots, which are attended to by single families with the greatest attention. Even if a single wheat or rice stalk is bent down by the storm it is carefully raised and supported in its place. A law of the country requires that, whenever a tree is cut down, another be planted.

The houses of the Japanese are very closely packed in the cities and villages. Most of them are built of wood on account of the islands being subject to frequent earthquakes.

Many of the streets are



so narrow that when a vehicle is passing through them the people are obliged to make way for it by crowding into the houses or alleys on either side.

Travelers describe the Japanese as being universally a patient, docile, amiable and polite people, although they are divided into several classes. They have a strong family affection, and the children are not neglected.

These people are said to have lost faith in the religions of that country, and are, to a great extent, a nation of doubters. The government makes no provision for the support of any religious creed. Many of their places of worship are dilapidated; and even one of their greatest idols, which they formerly worshiped, was offered for sale.

A BERLIN RAG MERCHANT.

BY JAQUEE.

YESTERDAY I took dinner and spent the afternoon with a brother in the Church, who obtains a living for himself and family in a way which few children in Utah know anything about, except through what they may have read, or through what they may have heard from their parents or teachers. I was myself so interested in hearing from him his experiences with the world in the battle for existence, that I resolved to write out a portion of what I saw and heard for the readers of the INSTRUCTOR.

By way of introduction I must say that the scene of this brother's operations is the city of Berlin, the largest city in Germany, of which empire, as well as of the kingdom of Prussia, it is the capital. Those of my readers who have studied history and geography, will remember that the German empire as it exists to-day, and as it has existed since the year 1870, is composed of a number of kingdoms, Prussia, Saxony, Bavaria and Wurtemberg, together with several duchies, smaller principalities, etc., each of which has its ruler and is more or less independent as regards its internal policy, but all subject to the emperor. In the present instance, Wilhelm, king of Prussia, is also emperor, or, as he is here called, *kaiser* of all Germany. He has sat on the Prussian throne since 1830, is in his eighty-sixth year, and celebrated his golden wedding some years ago; yet is still healthy and hardy enough to go on hunting expeditions, to ride his horse during the whole of a long manœuvre or parade, and attends balls and dinners and fashionable watering places as if he were a man of thirty, instead of a silver-haired grand-father.

After thus much of the ruler and his realm, let us take a look at the particular one of his subjects with whom we have to do in this article. He is a little mite of a man, very slightly built but pretty tough, and possesses a deep, sonorous voice, of which a tragedian might well be proud. He, in truth, appears a little proud of it himself, for he shouts almost as loudly and as theatrically when conversing in his little, dark sitting-room as if he were addressing an audience of a thousand persons. He is withal a faithful Latter-day Saint, and, I believe, a God-fearing, honest-dealing man in every act, and word, and thought of his daily life.

His wife is even smaller than he is, a timid, tiny woman, without his power of making herself so widely heard, with a decidedly nasal twang and an inclination to commence each word with a sound resembling *ng*. But she has a good, clear head, and a couple of sharp little eyes; and her husband

jocularly adds, "every time Gretchen opens her mouth she says something."

The children are smaller still—but then that is natural enough, as they are all quite young. Indeed, when one sees the household tumbling up into the street out of their dismal, musty cellar, or himself descends into the same, he wonders if such creatures really belong to the same race as ourselves, and he is sure to be provoked to laughter at their quaint, peculiar, dwarfish ways.

We have now done with the enumeration of the small members of the large family, and come, in conclusion, to the member which inspires the most terror in, and receives the greatest respect from the children of the neighborhood. He is a large, lean-bodied dog, which, when not in active service, or when not employed in the harmless recreation of scratching himself, gives vent, from an old basket in the corner where he sleeps, to a prolonged, asthmatic snore. This worthy, with his harness, cost his owner about four dollars originally, since which time a like amount has been paid for his license, and a few days ago a three dollar fine was imposed and had to be paid, incurred through his getting into the street without his muzzle on.

After this introduction we are on speaking terms with the whole household, and can proceed with our inquiries and observations. We will, by virtue of intimate acquaintance, accompany the father of the family on one of his journeys, and notice what he busies himself about, and what are the wares he deals in. Six o'clock in the morning is the hour for starting, pretty early and pretty cold, it is true, in winter weather, but our friend is industrious, and all the year round commences operations as soon as it is light enough to see.

After his breakfast, which consists of a cup of strong coffee and a thick piece of black bread (the dog meanwhile having swallowed a warmed-up hash of the relics of last night's supper), the little wagon, which, to prevent its being stolen during the night, had been chained to the pump in the back-yard, is brought out, "Keno" is hitched up and off we start. The vehicle is a small, four-wheeled conveyance, a toy wagon we would almost call it, but it is strong enough to carry a weight of seven or eight hundred pounds.

Our first visit is at the shop of a butcher, a dealer in horse-meat, whose place of business is festooned with sausages of all sizes and shapes, and, we may judge, of all grades of quality, though the proprietor assures us that they are "all good." Our friend, Brother Niemand, first thoughtfully spreads a gunny sack on the cold pavement on which the dog can lie down, and then follows us into the shop. He and the butcher have some exciting conversation and some difference of opinion as to the "price per pound," but after a short parley, the first commercial transaction of the day is effected, and a large tubfull of bones, some of which are not entirely devoid of meat, is brought out and emptied into the wagon. The purchaser cuts off some of the easier attainable pieces of meat and throws them to the dog, and then excuses himself a moment to run around the corner into a neighboring shop where he hopes to be able to make a similar purchase.

He shortly returns, this time, however, having been unsuccessful in buying bones, another dealer, and evidently a still earlier riser, having been there before him; but he has managed to buy a pair of old boots from the butcher's errand boy; and these, after he holds them up in triumph for our inspection, he throws into the wagon with the bones. As he journeys along from place to place his eyes wander constantly from one side of the street to the other, and he scans closely every uncommon-looking article he meets. If a piece of stray

paper meets his gaze, he goes and gets it; and during a usually successful forenoon he will have found, in the course of his rambles, paper, old rags, pieces of metal or leather, broken glass, etc., etc. He tells us this is all clear profit, for he can sell it all, and, of course, what he finds in the street does not cost him anything.

His next call is at the shop of a tailor—but we need not make our description of his wanderings as lengthy as the journey itself is. We may summarize with the words that he visits merchants and cloth-factories, where he purchases all fragments; he calls at offices and from the servant buys all old waste paper; and from cooks and waiters he buys broken glasses, empty cans, and bottles, and fragments of any and every kind, always paying something and generally managing to satisfy his patrons. About noon he, if at all fortunate, has a pretty good wagon full of as strange a medley of articles as you could possibly think of. Then he sets his face homewards, and getting himself into a sort of rope harness which goes over his shoulders, across his breast, and under his arms, he assists his faithful dog in hauling the goods to his place of business.

Arriving there, we hear how successful his wife has been during the morning in purchasing, and she points out two pieces of stove pipe, a whole basketfull of bits of glass, two dozen whole but very dirty assorted-sized bottles and an old, moth-eaten fur coat, which, with several bundles of rags and paper, constitute what she calls a pretty good half day's work. While at dinner we see through the glass door of the sitting-room some one enter the warehouse, and our host jumps up to wait on the customer. In a moment he returns, and chuckles over the fact that he has just sold the boots which he bought early in the day from the butcher's boy, and has made thirty cents on the transaction.

The afternoon is usually a repetition of the forenoon with him, but on this occasion, as he says he is not feeling very well, and as the weather is quite stormy, he decides to employ himself at home with his wife and children. An examination of his premises shows a mass of wollen rags in one corner, clean, white cotton or linen ones in another, many of them already packed in sacks, paper in bales and packages and still loose, while in a back apartment are the bones, the bottles, the glass and such second-hand articles as he expects to sell in their present condition. The work of Gretchen and the children is to sort the rags out carefully, divide them into three or four different classes, and cut off all buttons, or hooks, or pieces of metal of any kind. These rags are sold firstly to factories where they are used again, more or less mixed with wool, to make new cloth of that kind called shoddy; and secondly to the paper manufacturers, who also purchase the old paper and contrive to make use of even the smallest piece of envelope. The broken glass is used in the manufacture of other glass, beer bottles especially, and, of course, the whole bottles when well washed are again ready for sale to the distillers, druggists, etc. The bones, which are so useless with us at home, are here put to a very curious use, and he says are one of the best articles he deals in. After a sort of cleansing, which he gives them, he hauls them, of whatever kind they may be, to the factories where they are utilized in the purification of *sugar*, after which, in the shape of dust, they are sacked up and sold as a valuable fertilizer for the land.

At the end of the month he has a clearing out sale, and disposes of most of what he has been accumulating during the previous four weeks. Whatever is brought to him he will

buy, no matter what it is, for he knows how to make a use of the seemingly most useless article; and, on the other hand, when the neighbors need any particular article cheap, they always come first to Herr Niemand, to see if he, perchance, may have it in stock. Thus, yesterday afternoon, while I was there, he disposed of a gimlet, a pair of old scales, a pair of pants for a little boy, a stove lid, and an india-rubber boot for a one-legged man.

This is the way one man in Berlin makes his living; but my readers must not suppose that he is the only one in the business. On the contrary, there are hundreds in the same employment, and some of them have become wealthy through it. He assures me that two of the leading "rag merchants" have each to pay a yearly tax of over eight hundred dollars, and that another one, right in his neighborhood, does so thriving a trade as to be assessed in the sum of five hundred dollars per annum.

If we ask our friend how business is, he shrugs his shoulders, and, with a smile, says: "Oh, I can't complain; we have enough to eat and to drink and enough to do; what more can one ask for? When we have no butter for our bread we eat it without, and we seek, through prayer and sincere gratitude to God, to obtain His blessing upon all He has given us." All people in the world are not so easily satisfied, and perhaps some of those who read this article would not be. My object will have been accomplished if, through presenting a picture of life from the great, wicked world, I can cause those who do not appreciate their happy homes and pleasant circumstances—I hope though, that the INSTRUCTOR has few such readers—to cease their complainings, to sense their condition and to praise, through tongue and deed, our fathers' God and ours, who has gathered us from among the nations and planted us so tenderly in a home of peace and plenty.

ITEMS OF EXPERIENCE.

BY A. M. C.

(Continued from page 70.)

BEFORE the day arrived on which we were to appear before the public, I had written to the sick lady, who had expressed a desire to see an Elder of the Church; Brother F— had also been to her home, but being influenced by her relatives, she both refused to see us and to answer my note. We, therefore, had no alternative but to leave her alone. Shortly afterwards we learned of her death.

At the time and place appointed for our meeting we found a large number of persons awaiting us. The "Mormons" had already become famous in that region, but to see one was somewhat of a curiosity. Elder F— arose and with great composure delivered an eloquent sermon on the first principles of the gospel. To my great satisfaction he occupied the whole of the time with the exception of a few minutes in which I bore testimony to the truth of his remarks.

I had resumed my seat and was mentally rejoicing over our success when Elder F— arose and made an appointment for the following Wednesday evening. I was so frightened at the prospect of another meeting that I pulled at my companion's coat, in the hope of causing him to desist, but it was of no avail. When we were left alone I expressed my fears about another meeting, for it seemed to me, with my limited experience, that Elder F— had told all that could be said

about the gospel in our first meeting. I ventured to suggest, however, as an appointment was made, that we both fast and pray, so that the Lord might help us when standing before the congregation. This idea did not meet with the approval of my friend, for he considered himself capable of delivering a suitable sermon.

I occupied my time between the two meetings in fasting, studying and praying, and on the evening appointed went tremblingly to the hall. The people had assembled, and some of those present seemed determined to create a disturbance. Elder F— arose, but had scarcely commenced to talk before he was interrupted, and on account of jeers and opposition speeches, was compelled to cease speaking. I then arose and the Spirit led me to chide the assembly because of the ill-manners exhibited. Quietness was restored and Elder F— again attempted to speak, but with the same result as before, and, as he took his seat the third time, he remarked, "It's of no use, Brother C—, for me to attempt to speak; you must occupy the time."

Those who have been in similar positions can probably imagine my feelings at that time. But I arose with the determination to do my utmost to faithfully represent the cause of God, and as I did so, words were placed in my mouth, and I occupied the time without experiencing the least difficulty. At the close of the meeting many persons gathered around me, and congratulations were numerous because of the manner in which I defended the gospel. After a few moments the crowd began to look around for my companion, but he was nowhere to be seen, he having quickly and quietly left the hall at the close of the services.

This little incident taught me a lesson which I shall never forget. In the first place the Lord had sent Elder F— to Hartford in answer to my prayer, and had assisted him to deliver a most powerful discourse; but the second meeting this Elder, feeling confident of his own abilities, was discomfited, and God helped me, an inexperienced youth, to represent His cause. Thus did I learn to always depend on the Lord when called upon to speak, and never to think that my own wisdom would be sufficient to enable me to explain the doctrines of Christ.

A short time after the events related above had transpired, myself and companion went to Philadelphia to attend a conference of the mission. During this conference a Priesthood meeting was held in which it was decided by President Taylor that I should return and labor alone in Connecticut. I accordingly returned in a few days to that state, and had scarcely arrived there before an invitation to preach in a school-house was given me. I promised to fill an appointment to speak. An evening was therefore named and word was sent to the people of the neighborhood. At the set time a large congregation had assembled. I was at this time living with a local Elder who was much older than I was, and whose experience was far greater; and I thought that he would probably relieve me by speaking in my place; but he was determined that I should fill the appointment.

As I walked up the aisle, everything seemed to swim before my eyes; but on arising to speak, all fear left me, and the Spirit of God brought thoughts to my mind as fast as I could give utterance to them. At the close of my remarks the audience seemed entirely satisfied, and I was invited by the people who belonged to the Second Advent denomination to speak in their church the following Sunday, which I did with great liberty in the morning and afternoon, through the support of the Lord. I was about to step down from

the elevated platform at the close of the third service, when their local minister expressed a desire to ask a question, he hoping thereby to puzzle me. I gave him permission to do so, and he said, "What is the soul of man?"

For a moment I was entirely lost, as I could find no answer to such a question. Still, after silently praying to God for assistance, I told my questioner to state his ideas on the subject and if they were incorrect I promised to tell him.

He then proceeded to say that he believed the body of man was in reality the soul. As a proof of the correctness of his words he cited the seventh verse of the second chapter of Genesis: "And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul."

In an instant the incorrectness of this idea became apparent to me, and I said, "It is stated in the New Testament, 'Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul; but rather fear Him which is able to destroy *both* soul and body, in hell.' The soul means whole and the Spirit and the body together make up the soul of man." I had never read that portion of the Doctrine and Covenants where it treats upon this subject, nor had I ever reflected upon it; in fact, I suffered great inconvenience in being unable to procure a copy of that book on leaving New York. My answer was consequently, purely inspirational, and was given me by God in answer to a humble prayer. It also surprised and satisfied my interrogator, and he acknowledged that he had on many occasions put the same question to learned divines, but they invariably failed to answer it.

(To be Continued.)

NATURE'S EXAMPLES.

BY J. C.

FROM the minutest atom, to the highest mountain; from the smallest blade of grass, to the giant oak of ages; from the merest object of insect or animal life, to the prodigious whale, that lashes into foam the billows of the briny sea, all evince an unswerving devotion, and a wondrous, unremitting activity, and all are impelled by some motive power, to further certain ends.

Nature, throughout all her vast domains, shrinks not for a moment from the innumerable duties assigned her. Clouds draw from oceans, seas, rivers and lakes, and scatter their contents, far and wide, to refresh and gladden a despondent world, and the interest of all is advanced, fostered and sustained by a common law of affinity and harmony certain in its effects as it is general in its application.

The movements of the heavenly bodies yield us fruitful lessons in this regard. We read, in the myriad stars of night, as they twinkle and revolve in space, without the least conflict with each other, grand examples of order, obedience and harmony. The orb of day, that bursts forth from the orient hill to kiss the opening, dewy morn, with the wealth of his glory, climbs slowly, yet surely up the great, blue arch of the sky, till he reaches his zenith, marking, by his presence there, that his dismal task is half accomplished; yet, he lingers not for a moment to rest, but follows his onward course, till, flushing the mountains, and painting the western sky with streaks and dots of matchless splendor, he glides along to diffuse light and life to all within the scope of his benign

influence. These, together with a limitless variety of other things, stamp our reason and senses with the conviction that *God* is there, and witnesses to humanity of all temperaments, intelligences and conditions that everything is filling the measure of its creation, and operating harmoniously for the accomplishment of some vast purpose.

If, then, nature is under a universal fiat, or law, causing everything to work so beautifully and systematically, how must it be with man, the greatest of all? He, like everything else, must be governed and controlled by some power and intelligence greater than his own, and be energetic and active. It is unnatural for him to lapse into a state of bodily or mental inertia. Time is too precious to be squandered, and there is no stopping point to intelligence. We must either go forward or backward. Progression and retrogression are natural results accruing from compliance with or disregard of fixed, irrevocable laws, but the former, and not the latter, is man's normal and natural state. Where inactivity exists, death and dissolution will ensue.

The pure, gushing stream, that sparkles and leaps with life and joy, if stagnant would stink. The thrickest tree, shrub or plant, shorn of fibres or foliage, will wither and die. The rock detached from the strata on which it depends for sustenance and life, will moulder and decay. So it is with man. He must derive strength, spiritually as well as bodily, from some fountain of life, or perish. There is no guess-work about this, it is an open reality, evidenced by all times and conditions of our race. God is the only true source of man's strength, joy and hope, as well as the only guide and author of all the lower intelligences. Faith, prayer and a life devoted to good deeds, are essential to justification here, and to assurance of life hereafter, and if we would be honest with God, with ourselves, and with our fellow-beings, and be in unison with the various gradations of activity, or intelligent matter, we must move in that sphere which will best answer the purpose and ends of our creation, and spend our lives and energies in doing good, with a degree of activity and devotion, commensurate with our attributes and intelligence.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE remark is commonly made that if the Latter-day Saints would only renounce polygamy there would be no more trouble about their religion; nobody would object to them then, and all friction between the rest of the world and them would cease. It is only a few days since that Governor Ramsey, the chairman of the Utah commission, said to me: "Why cannot you leading men get together and agree that from this time forward you will discourage the practice of polygamy among your people, and put an end to it? I am not much of a religious man, but it seems to me you could do this, and not hurt your consciences or violate your religion: and then all trouble between you and the government would be at end. This is the only feature of your system that is particularly obnoxious."

In speaking thus, Governor Ramsey gave voice to the feelings of many thousands of people. They seem to be of the sincere opinion that if we would do this, the difficulties with which

we, as a people, have to contend would disappear. But they are mistaken. Our past history proves that this view is not a correct one. Did persecution and trouble only commence when the Church received and put into practice the doctrine of celestial or patriarchal marriage? Certainly not. This charge did not figure in the persecutions of the Saints in Ohio. It was not urged as an excuse for the cruelties and murders in Missouri, or for the driving of the people out of that state. It was not because they believed in and practiced plural marriage that they were mobbed and robbed in Illinois, and compelled, after the murder of their leading men, to flee from that state. It is true that the Prophet Joseph was accused by some few persons of teaching and practicing this doctrine; but the bulk of the people of the Church knew nothing of the doctrine and were free from its practice.

What foundation is there, then, for believing that if this system of marriage were not a part of our religion to-day, we would not be hated and persecuted?

When we ask this question we are told that those who persecuted us in Ohio, Missouri and Illinois were ignorant frontier people; but now education has spread, and people are learning better than to persecute others for their religion.

Let us examine and see whether this is true or not.

In November, 1880, an election for Delegate to Congress was held in Utah. George Q. Cannon received 18,568 votes, and A. G. Campbell 1,367 votes. To cheat the people out of their choice the governor of the territory refused to give the certificate of election to George Q. Cannon, who had received a majority of more than seventeen thousand votes, and gave it to A. G. Campbell.

Every fair-minded man in the country, who has spoken, declares that this was a great outrage. It would be difficult to find a public man to-day who would dare to defend the governor for doing it. He is universally condemned, and if he had done the same thing in any other territory, he would have been turned out of office.

But what do we see following this action?

The Edmunds bill, introduced into Congress and rushed through in hot haste, without discussion, or opportunity for amendment, in the House of Representatives.

The delegate, legally elected, was refused his seat, and the seat declared vacant.

Wicked and unconstitutional as these actions were, they were justified on the ground that plural marriage was a part of the religion of the majority of the people of Utah.

The Edmunds law went into operation. Commissioners, appointed by the president, came to Utah, to enforce it. Under their rules thousands of persons were disfranchised. Every person who could in the remotest degree be even suspected of ever having been in plural marriage, or connected with a husband who had been in that condition, was rigidly excluded from the polls. The entire lives of the people were scrutinized. Persons who had broken no law, and who for a quarter of a century had not been in any manner associated with this system of marriage, were stripped of the franchise. Even the most bitter enemies of the people could ask no more, so far as this class was concerned. Not one that could even be suspected was left on the registration list.

Now, if patriarchal marriage is the only cause of the hatred against, and persecution of, the Latter-day Saints, one would think that every one would be satisfied with the results of the commissioners' enforcement of the Edmunds law.

But what is the truth?

The success of the Edmunds law only makes the enemies of the Latter-day Saints more eager and bold in their demands for more severe legislation against them.

Not content with punishing every one suspected of connection at any time for the past forty years with plural marriage, they now ask for and urge still more harsh legislation, not only against them, but against the whole people. They now aim a blow at all bearing the name of Latter-day Saints.

It is now as plain as day that it is not polygamy alone against which they direct their attacks—it is against the entire system of which it forms a part.

Instead of the treasonable action of the governor, in giving the certificate to a man who was not elected, being punished, Congress acted as though the people of Utah were the transgressors, and refused their delegate a seat and passed the atrocious Edmunds law. This was their method of showing their indignation at a plain and palpable violation of the constitution.

It is even admitted by many of the men who voted for the Edmunds law, that it is an unjust law, and Judge Jeremiah S. Black has shown that it is unconstitutional. It might be thought that, as the men who had more wives than one are all to be deprived of office, and they and their wives are all deprived of their right to vote, Edmunds, and the other enemies of the Latter-day Saints, would be satisfied and stop their attempts to persecute.

But is this the effect?

Not at all; the people of Utah are still talked about by these people as though they were wronging the government, instead of being wronged. The evils perpetrated upon them excite no sympathy in their breasts. The submissiveness of the people, their quiet conduct, their unexampled forbearance under this oppressive law seem to have only the effect to make their enemies still more angry and determined to destroy them.

Thus the very virtues of the people, instead of speaking in their favor, seem only to excite the hatred of their oppressors. Even the wrongs which they have endured are only seized as pretexts for the commission of greater wrongs. Certainly there has nothing occurred to provoke this hostile legislation now proposed.

What becomes, then, of all this talk that we hear respecting polygamy being our only cause of offense? Does the action at present proposed indicate this? Even the commissioners recommend this new bill. It is not polygamy, as it is called, that is warred upon; it is the entire system of religion believed in by the Latter-day Saints, and the practice of which binds them together and makes them one.

While many sincere people believe that it is plural marriage only that is hated by the world, and that if this was not a part of our religion we would not be persecuted; they do not understand the spirit by which men are prompted.

It is the work of God that is warred against. It is its destruction that is sought. Every advantage the enemies of the kingdom of God can gain over it only encourages them to try and obtain more. Step by step they would encroach upon it, until, driven from point to point, it would finally, if they could have their way, be driven from the earth.

LITERATURE is a mere step to knowledge; and the error often lies in our identifying one with the other. Literature may, perhaps, make us vain: true knowledge must render us humble.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ZION'S CAMP.

BY LYCURGUS.

THE following incidents of Zion's Camp were related to me by one of that noble band, Hiram Winters, of Pleasant Grove:

"I was cook of the second company. About four days before we were disbanded, our company ran short of provisions. We ate the last bite for breakfast. I applied at the commissary wagon for something for dinner, but received nothing, for the very good reason that it was empty. During the day, however, Joseph Hancock, while hunting, killed a deer, and, just after coming into camp at night, sent us about two pounds of venison. This, together with a two-pound loaf of bread, which we received from another company, had to serve as supper for twelve men.

"The meat and bread were divided into equal parts and passed to the company. By the blessing of the Lord we all ate till we were satisfied, and there was some left.

"Some days previous to this, Joseph renewed the promise of a safe journey; and at the same time prophesied that, on account of fault-finding, the Lord would send a scourge upon the camp. In fulfillment of the prophecy, we were visited at our last camping place by the cholera. I was sergeant of the night-guards, with instructions to see each guard every fifteen minutes, and speak to him in a whisper and receive a reply.

"The last night, about twelve o'clock, in going the third round, Burr Riggs was missing from his post. I found his body behind a log that lay about a rod away, as stiff as the log itself. Calling to Alexander Whiteside, I asked him to carry the body to his tent while I went for Joseph. We lifted the body to his shoulder and it still remained perfectly straight. I soon found Joseph and Hyrum and F. G. Williams, who administered to him; and it was not over fifteen minutes from the time I found him till he was back at his post."

HE COULD BE TRUSTED.—Alfred was missing one night about sunset. Mother was getting anxious, for she always wished him to be home early. A neighbor, coming in, said a number of boys had gone to the river to swim, and he thought Alfred was safe enough to be with them.

"No," said the mother, "he promised he would not go there without my leave, and he *always* keeps his word. He never told me a lie."

But seven o'clock came, then eight, and mother was still watching and listening for the step of Alfred; but it was half-past eight before his merry shout and whistle were heard, when he ran into the gate.

"Confess, now," said the neighbor, "that you have been to the river with the other boys, and so kept away till late."

How the boy's eye flashed, and the crimson mounted to his cheeks!

"No, sir! I told my mother I would *never* go without her leave, and *do you think I would tell a lie?* I helped James to find the cows which had strayed in the wood, and did not think I should be so late."

James, coming up the street just then, came in to tell us, "he was afraid we had been alarmed; they had been so far in the wood it made them late in getting home."

"I think," said the neighbor, turning to the mother as he took his hat to go home, "there is comfort in store for you, madam. Such a boy will make a noble man."

Chapter for the Little Ones.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

EVERY boy and girl would like to live a happy life. It is the desire of all to take a course in life that will bring to them joy and peace. But many young persons have wrong ideas about what will give them happiness.

Some think that riches will make a person happy. They imagine that if they only had plenty of money to spend, life would be very enjoyable. If they were rich they think they could buy all the toys they wished, and could spend all their time in play.

Children who have this idea are greatly mistaken. Riches will not produce happiness; nor does the boy or girl who spends all his or her time in play enjoy life as much as the one who has to work and study as well. Idle people are never so happy as those who are industrious.

Children are very fond of play, and many do not like to work or study. They think it very hard on them for their parents to have them do chores, or to study their lessons. In thinking so they make a mistake. If they were allowed to play all the time they would grow up to be lazy men and women. If children form habits of idleness in their youth those habits are likely to remain with them, for it will take a hard struggle to overcome them.

Boys and girls, if you want to live a happy life you must obey your parents. When they ask you to do anything, go and do it cheerfully. This is the only way you can enjoy true happiness. Riches will not make you happy. On the other hand, the poorest boy or girl who is always willing to help his or her parents, and to do what they require, is sure to enjoy life.

We will tell you how a little boy used to spend his time.

The parents of the boy we are going to tell you about were poor, and could not afford to buy him toys to play with. He was required every day to do a certain amount of work. After this he had to spend a few hours in studying. During the rest of the day he was allowed to play. Having finished his daily task, he felt free, and could enjoy his sport much better than he would if he had left his work undone.

Instead of going in the streets to play with other boys he chose to stay at home. His father

had presented him with a pocket-knife for doing the work which was given him in such a neat manner. With this he managed to whittle out rude toys, such as small wagons, houses, boats, horses and several other things, with which he and his younger brother could amuse themselves.

The toys were not so nicely finished as those which were to be seen in shop windows; but they gave him double pleasure. It was amusement for him to cut them out of pieces of wood, although it was really hard work; and often he would whittle till his hands were nearly covered with blisters. Then, while playing with them, he felt proud to know that they were of his own make.

OUR CHILDREN.

BY G. W. CROCHERON.

The light of their bright eyes, like pearl-shining dew-drops,

When kissed by the day-king at morn's early hour,

Awakens a feeling in my heart past revealing,
As it steals on my senses with magical power.

They are gifts from our Father in heaven, bestowed
To gladden our hearts in our second estate;
We'll lead them by duty in the pathway of
beauty,

Directing their steps towards heaven's bright
gate.

LITTLE KINDNESSES.—"Mother," said a little girl, "I gave a poor beggar child a drink of water and a slice of bread, and it made me so glad, I shall never forget it." Now children can do a great many things worth a "thank you." Kind offices are everywhere and at all times needed; for there are always sick ones, poor ones, besides dear ones, to make happy by kindness; and it goes further towards making home happy than almost anything else. Kind offices are within everybody's reach, like air and sunshine, and if anybody feels fretful, and wants a medicine to cure it, we would say, do a "thank you's" worth of kind offices every day you live, and you will be cured. It is a wonderful sweetener of life.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON,

EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, MARCH 15, 1883.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



MISS EMMA LAZARUS, a Jewess of prominence, has been giving expression to her views respecting the best means to adopt to kill the taunts of intolerance and remedy the evils from which the Jews suffer. Her plan is to teach trades to the young Israelites. This will have the effect, she thinks, to make them more like the people among whom they dwell, and less noticeable than at present. This she regards as more important than the observance of the Jewish religion. She regards the present time as of such difficulty and danger that the primary consideration of Jews "should not be the teachings of *Thora*, not the inculcation of the Talmud, not the preservation of the Hebrew tongue, not the maintenance of synagogue worship, not even the circumcision of the flesh," but they should adapt themselves to the practical requirements of the hour, and make their race the fittest to survive, a paragon to all the nations of the earth. What she calls the practical requirement of the hour is the educating of the young Israelites in the manual arts.

Her suggestions call forth comments. As Latter-day Saints we can form some idea of their nature. We know how the Saints feel when they are advised to give up their religion and become like other people. In Missouri the Saints were counseled by the general in command of the state troops, which surrounded them and took the Prophet Joseph and his brother Hyrum and other leading Elders prisoners, to no more gather into one body, with Bishops to teach them; but to scatter around and live like other people. By so doing they were told they would escape persecution. There has been no end of advice of this kind given to the Latter-day Saints. And now, on every hand, they are told to yield the belief in and practice of celestial, or patriarchal, marriage. "If you will only give up this obnoxious practice," they say, "all trouble will be ended; your enemies can raise no excitement about you then; you will get into the Union, and you will enter upon a career of great prosperity." It is the old advice in a new form.

But would such a denial of faith have such an effect? Certainly not. We should incur the anger of God and the contempt of men; and, not the least of all, each one who did this would despise himself as a coward and an apostate.

A Jewish writer speaks as follows regarding this proposition of Miss Lazarus' to the Jews to neglect their religion:

"Every intelligent reader of the Jewish history will testify that in the succeeding persecutions of the Jews, by the heathen, Mahometan and Christian nations, they have passed through the fire and escaped extinction by the vital force of adherence to the tenets of their fathers, rather than by relinquishing them to overcome the unjust pretenses of their persecutors."

This is true of the Jews. Had they yielded their religion, or sought to avoid persecution by making themselves as near as possible like those who surrounded them, they would have disappeared as a race. The Jews will yet believe in Christ, and cease to be the unbelievers in His gospel that they are now; but it will not be in the way that is now proposed.

LIKE the Latter-day Saints, the Jews have suffered from the falsehoods told about them by apostates from their faith. For some time past there has been an intense feeling of hatred shown to the Jewish people in Russia and many parts of Germany. This has broken out into acts of bitter persecution. The Jews in many places have been treated with the greatest cruelty. All kinds of charges have been circulated against them, and many of these have been believed upon the testimony of apostate Jews. The ignorant people of Russia and Germany have been inflamed by the prejudice against this race and have committed the most atrocious crimes against them and have shed their blood as though to do so was a praiseworthy act.

They are accused, in both Russia and Germany, of eating the people up by their systems of usury, loaning the people money at high rates of interest, and then, when they are unable to pay, seizing their property. In this way, it is said, they suck the life-blood of the nation and reduce the poor people to destitution. This may be partly true; but it is more than probable that these charges are made against them by their enemies, to excuse their deeds of violence towards them.

This spirit of persecution has not raged so much of late; still, it is with difficulty that it can be repressed or kept within bounds. For awhile it seemed that it would carry on its cruel and inhuman work until the Jews would all be compelled to flee to other lands. Numbers were brought to the United States, and many persons were in favor of their settling here; but the tide was checked. This country was not found to be so desirable; and latterly there has been considerable talk of the Jews going to Palestine.

Latter-day Saints cannot fail to be interested in the Jews and their movements. We cannot forget the promises which the Lord has made to them. Ancient prophets have predicted that they should yet rebuild and inhabit Jerusalem. In our day the Lord has confirmed these prophecies by revealing that the time is near for the Jews to be gathered to their ancient lands.

All the branches of the house of Israel possess a peculiar interest for the Latter-day Saints. To them great promises have been made. The Lamanites claim our sympathy because of this. No movement can be made by either Jews or Lamanites that will not be closely watched by the people of Utah.

A CANINE MAIL-CARRIER.—"At Albany, in Worcestershire," Mr. Jesse says, "a dog went every day to meet the mail, and brought the bag in his mouth to his house. The distance was about one-eighth of a mile. The dog usually received a meal of meat as his reward. The servants having, on one day only, neglected to give him his accustomed meal, the dog on the arrival of the next mail buried the bag, nor was it found without considerable search."

It is the first distemper of learning when men study words, and not matter.

HEZEKIAH.

ABOUT 726 B. C., the reign of the good King Hezekiah began. Of all the kings of Judah, none were more faithful or true to the Lord than he. The most memorable of all his works were his unceasing efforts to restore the wor-

Here is a striking illustration of the power of prayer, for at the dreadful news of the Assyrian's attempt, Hezekiah repaired to the temple and implored divine aid against the presumptuous invaders. His faith must have been great for his prayer was answered that very night, and an angel was sent by the Lord, who smote and destroyed the enemy;



ship of the true God, and for this he was greatly celebrated. The great good he accomplished in destroying false images and bringing his people to the true worship was mainly through the counsel and wisdom of the Prophet Isaiah.

It was in the fourteenth year of his reign that Sennacherib made that bold assault against all the fenced cities of Judah, so noticed in early history and immortalized by the poets.

185,000 men were found dead in the morning :

"And it came to pass that night, that the angel of the Lord went out, and smote in the camp of the Assyrians an hundred and four score and five thousand; and when they arose early in the morning, behold, they were all dead corpses." (II. Kings, xix., 35.)

One of the most charming songs on this subject is Byron's

"Destruction of Sennacherib," in which the effect of the prayer is most beautifully described as follows:

"And the might of the Gentile, unmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord."

During the life of Hezekiah there are many other instances where the power of prayer is gloriously shown. Not only did faithful prayer save all Judah from the hands of the Assyrians but it saved Judah's king from the hands of death. The Bible tells us when Hezekiah was sick unto death, he prayed unto the Lord, reminding Him of his faithfulness; and, sorely lamenting his fate, he implored for his days to be lengthened. His prayer was immediately granted, for on the third day, as was promised him, he went up to the temple, and his life was lengthened fifteen years. After hearing of the wonderful recovery of Hezekiah, the princes of Babylon sent letters and presents to him, that they might know of the wonder done in the land.

The engraving to this article represents these messengers viewing the treasures of Hezekiah, for he showed them everything he had in his house.

During his most successful reign he had amassed great wealth and built treasuries for silver and gold and precious stones and spices and all kinds of jewels. He also possessed large store-houses of corn, wines, oils and costly things, and he had flocks and herds in great abundance.

Of this wealth he was very proud, and even so faithful a man as Hezekiah gave way to the pride and arrogance which wealth often produces. He displeased the Lord in this, and Isaiah prophesied that his wealth should be carried into Babylon and not anything would be left, and also that his children should suffer.

During all his life Hezekiah was prospered, and the word of the Lord was fulfilled during the reigns of his sons. He died in 697 B. C., and was buried in the highest of sepulchers of the sons of David. All Judah did him honor.

THE EVE OF REVOLUTION.

BY J. H. W.

(Continued from page 79.)

THE king of England was still determined to tax America, and soon levied a tax on tea. The people determined they would drink no more tea rather than pay the tax. One day ships loaded with taxed tea arrived in Boston harbor. There was a great commotion; the men ran together to hold council. It was Sunday, and the people of Boston were very strict, yet here was an emergency in the presence of which all ordinary rules were suspended. The crisis had come at length. If that tea was landed, it would be sold; it would be used and American liberty would become a by-word upon the earth.

The brave and liberty-loving Samuel Adams was the leading man of Boston at that time. He was a man in middle life just forty-two years of age, of cultivated mind and stainless reputation, a powerful speaker and writer, and a man in whose sagacity and moderation all men trusted. He resembled Cromwell in some particulars—his love of liberty, undaunted courage and trust in God. He was among the first to see that there was no resting place short of independence. He said: "Our forefathers were driven from the land of their birth in the cause of religious liberty. They made themselves homes in the wilds of America. We have earned a competence and

are self-sustaining. We are free and need no king but God." The men of Boston felt the power of his resolute spirit and manfully followed where Samuel Adams led. Several days of excitement and discussion followed. People flocked in from the neighboring towns. The time was spent mainly in political meetings. At Faneuil Hall, in the churches and at the market place, the rights of the people were discussed. One day a meeting was held and the excited people continued in hot debate till the shades of evening fell. At length Samuel Adams stood up in the dimly lighted church and announced: "This meeting can do nothing more to save the country." With a stern shout the meeting broke up. Fifty men disguised as Indians hurried down to the wharf, each man with a hatchet in his hand. The crowd followed, and stood on the shore in silence while the so-called Indians went on board the ship, broke open the chests of tea and threw them and their contents into the sea. No wonder King George was in a rage. No wonder that he demanded that the guilty parties, if they could be found, should be sent to England for trial. The great statesman William Pitt, also called the Earl of Chatham, pleaded for measures of conciliation; but all in vain. General Gage with four regiments was sent to Boston. He threw up fortifications and lay as in a hostile city. The colonists appointed a day of fasting and prayer. They knew that their cause was just. They looked to Him for protection, who "holds the nations in the hollow of His hand." They knew that He, who had guided them across the rolling deep and had preserved them in the wilderness, could also protect them from the rage and avarice of wicked men. They also formed themselves into military companies. They occupied themselves with drill. They laid up stores of ammunition. Most of them had muskets and could use them. He who had no musket, now got one. They hoped that civil war might be averted, but there was no harm in being ready. While these things were going on in Boston, a congress of delegates had met in Philadelphia and were busy discussing measures in regard to the troubles that were thickening around them. Twelve colonies were represented but Georgia, the youngest and feeblest colony, still paused timidly on the brink of the perilous enterprise. Some of the truly great men of America met in that congress. Of it the great Earl of Chatham said: "For genuine sagacity, for singular moderation, for solid wisdom the congress of Philadelphia shines unrivalled." That quaint old building where they met became one of the spots ever dear to the patriot's heart. Among the famous men assembled there were George Washington whose massive sense and copious knowledge attracted attention, and made him a guiding power, and Patrick Henry, then a young man. He brought to the council a wisdom beyond his years, and a fiery eloquence, which, to some of his hearers, seemed almost more than human. He had already shown that he was unfitted for farming or merchandizing. He was now to prove that he could utter words which would sweep over a continent, thrill men's hearts like the most sublime strains of music, and rouse them up to high and noble deeds. There also was Richard Henry Lee, with his bewitching voice, his ripe scholarship, and rich stores of historical and political knowledge, which would have graced the highest assemblies of the old world. Nor should we forget to mention the noble-minded farmer, John Dickinson, whose published letters had done so much to form the public sentiment. His enthusiastic love of England was now overborne by a sense of wrong. And last, but by no means least, we may place on the list the name of Benjamin Franklin, the sage philosopher, the practical sci-

tist, the shrewd diplomatist, the incorruptible patriot, the wise philanthropist. Such were some of the men whom God raised up to mould the character of the infant nation.

Still they did not wish for separation. They wished to have their wrongs redressed and continue British subjects. They drew up a narrative of their wrongs. They implored King George to remove those grievances. They even addressed the people of Great Britain, as subjects of the same empire, as men possessing common sympathies and common interests: yet they added that "they would not be 'hewers of wood and drawers of water' to any nation in the world." Had all the colonists been Englishmen or descendants of Englishmen no more could have been expected. When we recollect that they had been gathered from many nations and different climes, their subserviency to the interests of the British empire is remarkable. The colonists even appealed to their fellow-colonists in Canada for aid and sympathy. But Canada, newly conquered from France, was peopled almost wholly by Frenchmen. They were strangers to the religious struggles through which the more southern colonists had passed. And so from Canada there came no response of sympathy or help.

King George now determined to reduce the colonists to obedience. All trade with the colonies was forbidden. No ship of any nation was permitted to enter American ports or bring supplies to the settlers in America. In justice to the English people it should be said, that in those days they had no control over the government of their country. All this was managed for them by a few great families. Their allotted part was to toil hard, pay their taxes, and be silent. If they had been permitted to speak, their voice would have been on the side of popular rights. They would have vindicated the men who asserted the right of self-government—a right which the great mass of Englishmen were not to enjoy for many a long year after.

Two incidents occurred about this time which well illustrate the spirit of the people. It was the Sabbath morning before the battle of Lexington. The scene of the first is the Old South Church, itself rich with the mementos of the past. Its walls are lined with monuments. The burying-ground around the church is a picturesque spot and was first used about 1660. The trees interweave their branches above the tombs, and only pencil-rays of sunlight break the broad, cool shadows of the spot. The Boston branch of the Winslow family rests here, and here also sleeps the famous Mary Chilson, who is said to have been the first to step on shore from the *Mayflower*. She died in 1679. Here lie the remains of Governor John Winthrop; Hon. John Philips, the first mayor of the city; Robert Treat Paine, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence; and many others among which should not be forgotten the name of Paul Revere.

At this church the governor of the colony and other British government officials usually attended. On this beautiful April Sabbath morning they had come as usual; and the happy yet determined people were quietly talking and loitering among the graves of their ancestors. At length the pastor came, and they followed him into the church. The hymn they sang is known as the ninety-fourth psalm. It commences:

"O Lord our God to whom alone, all vengeance doth belong;
O mighty God who vengeance ownest, shine forth avenging wrong,
Thy folk they break in pieces, Lord, thine heritage oppress,
The widow they and stranger slay, and kill the fatherless."

The pastor's text was Psalm xlvii., 1. "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble."

He spoke of the wrongs the colonists had endured, the position they held in regard to posterity, and the responsibility which rested upon them to plant the institutions of liberty for the benefit of future generations. Warming with his theme, he uttered sentences which caused the hearts of foes to quake and the hearts of friends to glow and burn within them. Standing on the platform of truth and right, he dared to hurl defiance at a tyrant king.

The governor, Berkley, interrupted the speaker, and, calling him a traitor, demanded that he should cease.

Some of the militia of Boston foreseeing the danger of the daring speaker had followed him to the church, and already stood in the vestibule. Just at that moment the trumpet sounded, the drums beat and the great church-bell rang out its clarion notes calling the citizens to arms. Such was the spirit of the people that the governor sought in vain to stay their indignation which swept like a flood over the land. With the Puritans liberty was a part of their religion.

The other incident occurred on the eve of the battle of Lexington.

Early in April 1775, General Gage learned that considerable stores of ammunition were collected at the village of Concord, eighteen miles from Boston, and he determined to capture them. Late on the night of April 18th, eight hundred soldiers set out on this errand. The patriots observed that there was something more than ordinary in progress. Companies of soldiers were massed on Boston common under pretense of learning a new military exercise.

Doctor, afterwards General, Joseph Warren, who fell at Bunker Hill, received notice of the design of the troops, and at once sent Paul Revere to arouse the country. It was agreed that a signal light should be placed in the tower of the Old North Church to notify the watchers of the direction the troops had taken—one if by land, two if by sea. Paul Revere then rowed across the stream to Charlestown. He was not a moment too soon. General Gage heard that his plans were discovered, and orders were at once given that no person should be allowed to leave Boston. Had these orders been given five minutes sooner, the whole course of the revolution might have been changed. As it was Revere reached the other side in safety. Having obtained a fleet and sure-footed steed he stood impatiently watching the belfry tower of the Old North Church. Meanwhile Warren, in disguise, wandered through the darkness and listened with eager ears till he heard the measured tread of the grenadiers marching down to the boats. Then with lantern in hand he climbed up into the belfry and a gleam of light shone over the dark and silent city. Paul Revere sprang into the saddle, but paused a moment and gazed until a second light gleamed out distinctly and clearly. Then

"A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath from the pebbles in passing, a spark
Struck out by the steed that flies fearless and fleet;
That was all! And yet thro' the darkness and gloom
The fate of a nation was riding that night,
And the spark struck out by the steed in his flight
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.
It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
It was one by the village clock
When he rode into Lexington.

He saw the gilded weathercock swim
 In the moonlight as he passed,
 And the meeting-house windows blank and bare
 Gaze at him with a spectral glare
 As if they already stood aghast,
 At the blood work they would look upon.
 You know the rest. In the books you have read
 How the British regulars fired and fled,
 How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
 From behind each fence and farm-yard wall,
 Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
 Then crossing the fields to emerge again
 Under the trees, at the turn of the road,
 And only pausing to fire and load.
 So through the night rode Paul Revere;
 And so through the night went his cry of alarm
 To every Middlesex village and farm—
 A cry of defiance and not of fear—
 A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
 A word that shall echo for evermore!
 For, borne on the night wind of the past
 Through human history to the last
 The good shall pray and by faith shall hear
 A delivering foot-fall as of that steed
 And a midnight message as of Paul Revere."

HISTORY OF THE CHURCH.

(Continued from page 76.)

ON Sunday, the 13th, there was considerable skirmishing, and the *Warsaw Signal* reported one anti-"Mormon" badly wounded. After dark the citizens of Nauvoo advanced with two of their cannon and fired into the mob camp and caused them to scatter. At the second discharge one of the cannon, as the steamboat shafts were called, burst into thirteen pieces without injuring anyone.

On the 14th, there was some cannonading during the day, and the people of Nauvoo, repaired and extended their batteries.

On the 15th the "Spartan Band" and the "Kill-devils," as a band composed principally of new citizens was called, kept so strict a watch on the movements of the mob that they could not go to water their horses without being saluted by rifle-shots. Occasionally a few rounds from the cannon were fired that day.

Several gentlemen from Quincy were in the tower of the temple, in Nauvoo, watching the progress of the fight on Saturday the 12th. Immediately after the battle, Mayor Wood and Mr. Rice started for Quincy, called a meeting of the people, and gave an account of what had taken place in Nauvoo. It was decided that a committee of one hundred citizens of Quincy should go to settle the difficulties in Hancock county. They arrived in Nauvoo on the 15th. The ostensible object in coming was to prevent the shedding of blood; but their friendship for the citizens of Nauvoo was not real. They were the strongest anti-"Mormons" that could be found in Adams county. On that account Messrs. Wood and Rice, with several others, refused to act as members of that committee. These people brought their firearms with them, which they took great pains to conceal. It was understood, however, that if they did not succeed in making the compromise they intended to join the mob. They did not all come into the city of Nauvoo, but appointed sub-committees to transact the business.

On the 16th the mob commenced cannonading. A compromise was, however, in progress. A lengthy correspondence was going on between the sub-committees of the Quincy committee, the mob camp, Major Clifford and the Church trustees, which resulted in the following:

"Articles of accommodation, treaty and agreement, made and entered into this 16th of September, A. D. 1846, between Almon W. Babbitt, Joseph L. Heywood and John S. Fullmer, Trustees-in-trust for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, of the one part—Thomas S. Brockman, commander of the posse, and John Carlin, special constable and civil head of the posse of Hancock county, of the second part—and Andrew Johnson, chairman of the citizens of Quincy, of the third part—

"1st—The city of Nauvoo will surrender. The force of Colonel Brockman to enter and take possession of the city to-morrow, the 17th of September, at three o'clock p. m.

"2d—The arms to be delivered to the Quincy committee, to be returned on the crossing of the river.

"3d—The Quincy committee pledge themselves to use their influence for the protection of persons and property from all violence, and the officers of the camp and the men pledge themselves to protect all persons and property from violence.

"4th—The sick and helpless to be protected and treated with humanity.

"5th—The Mormon population of the city to leave the state, or disperse as soon as they can cross the river.

"6th—Five men, including the Trustees of the Church, (William Pickett not one of the number) to be permitted to remain in the city, for the disposition of property, free from all molestation and personal violence.

"7th—Hostilities to cease immediately, and ten men of the Quincy committee to enter the city in the execution of duty as soon as they think proper.

"We, the undersigned, subscribe to, ratify and confirm the foregoing articles of accommodation, treaty, and agreement, the day and year above written.

"ANDREW JOHNSON,

"Chairman of the Committee of Quincy.

"THOMAS S. BROCKMAN, Commanding Posse.

"JOHN CARLIN, Special Constable.

"ALMON W. BABBITT,	} Trustees-in-Trust for the
"JOSEPH L. HEYWOOD and	
"JOHN S. FULLMER,	
	Church of Jesus Christ of
	Latter-day Saints."

When many of the volunteers learned that articles of agreement had been agreed upon between the trustees and the mob for the surrender of the city, that the mob forces were to occupy it, the "Mormons" to deliver up their arms and leave as soon as they could cross the river, they felt very enraged. In discussing the affair at Beach's tavern, 'Squire Wells, who overheard their remarks, expostulated with them, and said:

"There is no use of a small handful of volunteers trying to defend the city against such an overwhelming force. What interest have the Saints to expect from its defense? Our interests are not identified with it, but in getting away from it. Who could urge the propriety of exposing life to defend a place for the purpose of vacating it? I have been in the councils of Joseph and Hyrum and the Twelve, and I know they were desirous that the Saints should leave the State and go westward. Have not the Twelve and most of the Church gone, and is not their council for us to follow? Have not they told

us that our safety was not in Nauvoo, but in our removal westward?

"The trustees have no means with which to carry on the defense; they are already involved. Major Parker, who was sent by the governor to aid us, when he left promised to raise men and return immediately to our assistance, but he has forsaken us, and it is not well known that the Quincy committee was prepared to join the mob, if a treaty was not effected? Under these circumstances, I have thrown in my influence with the trustees for the surrender of Nauvoo upon the best terms we could get, and as being the best and only wise policy left for us to pursue.

"Brethren, reflect, we have nothing to gain in defending Nauvoo, but everything to lose, not only property, but life also, is hourly in peril."

E-quire Wells had but recently joined the Church; but he had been a prominent man in the affairs of Nauvoo from the time of the organization of the city, and had been intimate with the Prophet Joseph and President Young and the Twelve Apostles. This, and his distinguished gallantry in helping to defend the city, gave him influence among the people, and his counsels and words had great weight with them.

Mr. Brayman, agent of the governor of Illinois, upon hearing the treaty read, declared that it surpassed anything of the kind that he had ever read or heard of. He knew the volunteers were acting under the orders of the governor, and yet they were overpowered by the mob and forced to agree to terms of banishment to save the lives of themselves and their families. There were women and children also there, some of whose husbands and fathers were in the United States army, and had started for California on foot, over pathless deserts and mountains, to plant their country's flag in distant lands. To see their wives, children and friends driven from their homes by a bloodthirsty mob, caused Mr. Brayman to shed tears. There were others also from different parts of the Union who were eye-witnesses of these outrages, who were similarly affected at the sight.

(To be Continued.)

JOSEPH HENRY.

IT was about sixty years ago that a silversmith of Albany had a very bright apprentice. He read books, especially Shakspeare. He seemed in fact to have an especial passion for the stage. After a time he joined a company of young amateur actors who played at a little theater called the Thespian, and his talent for dramatic performances became the talk of the town. A noted theater manager came to Albany and went to visit the Thespian theater to see the young amateur of whom he had heard. The play that night was "Hamlet," and the young apprentice had the part of Hamlet, prince of Denmark. The manager was so struck with the young man's ability that he made him a very tempting offer to join his own company and adopt the stage as a profession. Just before this, Dr. Beck, principal of the Albany Academy, had offered to give the young man an education. Here were two ways opened, to determine which was the best he sought the counsel of two of his "chums," one of whom was Thurlow Weed, then a journeyman printer. Both advised him to accept Dr. Beck's offer. But he was still in doubt, for he

was dazzled by the stage; yet the judgment of his friends dictated the acceptance of Dr. Beck's offer. His employer liked the lad and believed that he had usefulness before him, so when he learned of the two offers he had received, he said kindly, but firmly: "Joseph, you are under indentures to me for two years yet. If you wish to get an education I will let you go. But if you conclude to go on the stage you must make good to me the loss of these two years of service."

This determined the lad and he went to Dr. Beck's, studied faithfully, graduated with high honors and became one of the first scholars of his day. This lad was afterwards Dr. Joseph Henry, the late president of the Smithsonian Institute. The story is told by the "chum," Thurlow Weed, who has just died. Thus we see how small an incident turns the tide of any life. Watch these turning points. If you choose that which pleases you to-day you may be refusing a high place that will open bye-and-bye.

EARLY REMINISCENCES.

BY J. H. H.

(Continued from page 77.)

ON the following day, President Taylor and myself took leave of our friends in Paris, and started on our journey to Saint Heliers, Jersey; expecting to attend a conference to be held there by Elder John Paek, prior to his return home. We were detained, however, in Port Cail from the 23rd till the 31st of December, and so failed to meet the Saints in conference as contemplated. It was learned subsequently that the Gens d'Armes had instructions to watch the principal seaports for President Taylor and to take him back to Paris to be interviewed by the superintendent of public instruction, concerning his writings which were published in some pamphlets and in the paper called *L'Etoile de Deseret*. His departure, therefore, by way of this somewhat obscure village afforded the necessary protection, and he was saved from what might have been both expensive and embarrassing. The hand of a kind Father was directing his steps, and delivered him from his adversaries.

Our host was charmed with President Taylor, and talked seriously of disposing of his property and going with him to America. When he was told by the latter of the rich prospects in Iowa, Kansas and other places, he protested against going to any other place than where his guest was going. The boats usually found at this port being all on the Jersey coast, on account of the Christmas holidays, we had necessarily to wait till their return or go to some other port. The contingencies above mentioned makes the wisdom of our choice apparent.

Our host offered President Taylor his gun and loading outfit, and was asked in reply if there were any buffaloes in the neighborhood; being answered in the negative President Taylor told the Frenchman he was much obliged for his kind offer, but must decline, for he did not usually shoot anything smaller than the buffalo.

Three hours sail landed us on the Jersey coast, when we soon learned that the conference had been held a few days previous, and that Elder Paek and quite a number of Elders and Saints had embarked for Southampton, en route to Zion. We found John Hyde, Jun., on the Island, but not in the

happiest mood. The Channel Islands conference had been held, he was present on the occasion, but the presidency had failed to appreciate his merits and make him president, but had appointed the writer to fill that position. He clung to President Taylor very tenaciously during his stay on the island and endeavored to persuade him to appoint him on some well-defined mission; but being told that he would labor under the presidency of the writer, who would direct him in his labors, he felt wounded. He was appointed soon after to labor in Havre, but he there became somewhat noted as an apostate, and like some others of his class, wrote and published a book denying what he once believed, and abusing his honorable friends and fraternizing with their enemies. I will submit an extract from one of his letters written while presiding over the Church in Havre, dated Sept. 24th, 1852, to Elder Curtis E. Bolton, who was then in Paris.

"My beloved Brother and President, I am deeply impressed to write to you. I wish I had some good news to communicate. I preach, teach and lend tracts, but all at the present without any great prospect of success; but methinks I hear you say, 'All is well, Brother John Hyde, it is the Lord's work, not ours.' * * * * *

"I have no doubt that my name comes up with the rest sometimes, but if anyone speaks of it, tell them they speak of a John Hyde of 1851, and do me the justice to believe there exists a great difference in the feelings of that person and the John Hyde, Jun., of 1852. Let not the Saints excuse themselves by saying Brother Hyde did this or did that. If Brother Hyde set them an example and it was a bad one, they are fools for wishing to burn their fingers because I wished to burn mine. You may do with this as you please. I regard you as my Brother and my friend.

"Yours very truly,

"John Hyde, Jun."

The reader may make his own comments on this letter; as I will simply remark, that this kind of material makes the apostate.

Some few months after writing the above the Elder asked the writer to intercede with President Curtis E. Bolton for his release from the mission, and made moreover a direct application for that purpose which elicited the following reply:

"John Hyde, Jun.,

Dear Brother—I received your letter by due course of mail, and have delayed answering it to give me time to try more fully the workings of the Spirit. I must say your letter surprised me, but not so much as though I had not known you as I do. The fact is you have been of but very little service to the mission. The Church has supported you eighteen months on the French mission, and what have you done to benefit the mission? I leave you to answer. One great fault is your idea of some superior knowledge over the generality of your fellows, and your inordinate desire to put your ideas in print. You may think this letter severe, but it is not. I tell you of your faults that you may mend, for I wish you well. And I wish you humility, good sense, firmness and intelligence.

"I release you from the French mission, and hope that crossing the ocean and prairies will do much in your schooling.

"Yours truly,

"Curtis E. Bolton."

That John Hyde, Jun., should subsequently apostatize and deny the faith was no more than any person acquainted with him

anticipated. The Spirit of our holy faith will not abide in persons that are lascivious and corrupt. So strict is the discipline of the founder of this latter-day work, that a man must not look upon a woman to lust after her, nor commit adultery in his heart, or he is in danger of losing the spirit of the gospel. He will then deny the faith, and, if he repents not, will be cast into hell. It may appear strange to persons, who have associated the name "Mormon" with all that is vile and lascivious, to hear such purity of character claimed for the Elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, but it is no less strange than true. Their continued standing in this calling and Priesthood is presumptive evidence of their spotless character, and their acceptance with God, while on the other hand apostasy is an evidence of immorality. We are convinced by actual observation that it is the fruitful cause of darkness, apostasy and death. While I do not say that all seceders from this Church are profligate, I do say that many of them are, while others are slothful and luke-warm, careless and indifferent, until the light, that was within them, becomes darkness, while others through their own vain ambition and rebellion become lost.

Elder John Banks and his three successors in the presidency of the London conference all made ship-wreck of their faith. And though they were called of God, and did a great work in teaching and saving others, became themselves recreant to their faith, and, like the salt, having lost its savor, became worthless.

THE VALUE OF SMALL THINGS.

BY S. WORTHINGTON.

WHO has not seen a large block of rock perched above him upon a high cliff, or mountain side, which seemed ready at the slightest touch, to come rolling and crashing down with a force that would overcome every obstacle that might be in its pathway? The very imagination of such an event taking place almost causes us to shudder as we cast our eyes above and think of the destruction it would be capable of bringing about. The large rock is terrible and powerful because of its weight. But what gives it this power? It is the union of its particles. Let these be separated, either by the chemical action of the atmosphere, or the application of force by man, and the rock, which may have been a source of terror and alarm, is disarmed of its power, scattered and broken, and is a dread no longer to anyone. Each grain of which it was composed was, of itself, comparatively nothing; so small that numbers of them could be crushed between the finger and thumb.

Is there not something in this life analogous to this, and from which we may draw a moral lesson? The value of small things should never be under-estimated. There is no evil too small or insignificant for us to avoid. There is no good thought, word or action, too small for us to adopt or give heed to. They are grains that we should store away for present and future use. Not coarse grains, like those which formed the block of stone, but golden grains of untold value in the formation of our character. The boy, working out a sum in arithmetic and making a mistake, however slight, cannot get the sum right until the error is rectified. Indeed, we might ask, what subject or science can be understood unless we learn every principle connected with it? We may flatter ourselves

that we can master the subject which we are studying without giving attention to its details, but let us omit any of them, and our education in that subject or science will be deficient. A science has become such because every principle connected with it has been proven to be true. It may have taken years of observation, of experiment, and of study, to establish its evidence, but after it has been so established we may depend upon it that there is nothing that belongs to it that we can leave out and yet be proficient in a knowledge thereof.

So with life. It is made up of the sum of the little things which we experience day by day. Every thought has its influence upon our character, whether it finds expression in word or action, or is confined within our own breasts. A jest, idly or heedlessly spoken, may pass from the lips, but, if it was of a nature to do harm, it may not only affect others who heard it, but also bring shame and reproach to him who uttered it. Character is the sum of the thoughts, words and actions of the individual. Is it then of small moment to any of us to be indifferent as to what this sum is formed of?

Society is good or bad in proportion as the people composing it are good or bad. The influence of each individual may be small, but the power of a nation is great. Its history and influence are the result of the character and virtue of its people. And no nation can progress in knowledge faster than the intelligence of its people will allow it.

The small creek, increased by the descending rain drops, becomes a rushing torrent. The terrible avalanche that bears destruction of life and property before it, has been formed through the accumulation of little snowflakes; such light, shadowy things, that a breath dissolves them. Nature contains many striking lessons, showing us what can be done by the accumulated force of atoms. It speaks to you and to me, dear reader. Let us not consider any principle too small or trifling to be noticed by us, or that anyone is too young or too old to impart information to us. But wherever we can learn a truth or receive a good idea, let us do so. None should feel ashamed of acknowledging an error or adopting a truth. Our ignorance may be the result of circumstances over which we had no control. But if we can, by any act of our own, become better informed and more intelligent, then it is our duty to become so. On the other hand, if we seek to hide our ignorance from others through being too proud to acknowledge it we are most likely to remain ignorant still.

Let each strive to do his part well. We may stumble, perhaps, as we try to walk; but let us be up on our feet again, determined to succeed. Our step will become firmer and as we grow in years we shall grow in strength. Each can fill a place in life better than anyone else can fill it for him. It is so ordained that each man and woman differs from another and can fill that place in life best for which he or she is most adapted. We may not all become great, but by a proper cultivation of the talents which we possess we may become as great as our nature will allow us. We are all units of the great whole. We need not be ciphers; well, no, we cannot be a cipher if we wished to be so. We *must* act so that our influence will be good or evil. Which shall it be?

ONE very common error misleads the opinion of mankind, that universal authority is pleasant, and submission painful. In the general course of human affairs, the very reverse of this is nearer to the truth. Command is anxiety, obedience, ease.

THE TOOLS OF GREAT WORKMEN.

IT is not tools that make the workman, but *trained skill and perseverance* of the man himself. Indeed, it is proverbial that bad workmen never yet had good tools. A student once asked a great artist by what wonderful process he mixed his colors. "I mix them with my *brains*, sir, was his reply. It is the same with every workman who would excel. Ferguson made a wonderful thing—his wooden clock, that accurately measured the hours—by means of a common penknife, a tool in everybody's hand; but then everybody is not a Ferguson. A pan of water and two thermometers were the tools by which Dr. Black discovered latent heat. A prism, a lens, and a sheet of pasteboard enabled Newton to unfold the composition of light and the origin of color. An eminent foreign *savant* once called upon Dr. Wollaston, and requested to be shown over the laboratories in which science had been enriched by so many important discoveries. The doctor took him into a little studio, and, pointing to an old tea-tray on the table, containing a few watch-glasses, test-papers, a small balance, and a blow-pipe, said, "There is all the laboratory I have." Stothard learned the art of combining colors by closely studying butterfly-flies' wings. He would often say that no one knew how much he owed to those tiny insects. A burnt stick and a barn door served Wilkie in lieu of pencil and canvas. Bewick first practiced drawing on the cottage walls of his native village, which he covered with his sketches in chalk; and Benjamin West made his first brushes out of a cat's tail. Ferguson laid himself down in the fields at night in a blanket and made a map of the heavenly bodies by means of a thread with small beads on it, stretched between his eyes and the stars. Franklin first robbed the thunder-cloud of its lightning by means of a kite made with two cross-sticks and a silk handkerchief. Watt made his first model of the condensing steam engine out of an old anatomist's syringe, used to inject the arteries previous to dissection. Gifford worked his first problem in mathematics, when he was a cobbler's apprentice, upon small scraps of leather, which he beat smooth for the purpose; while Rittenhouse, the astronomer, first calculated the eclipses on his plow-handles.

CHARLES DICKENS' RULES—Many men have worked much harder and not succeeded half so well, but I never could have done what I have done without the habits of punctuality, order and diligence; without the determination to concentrate myself on one object at a time, no matter how quickly its successor should come upon its heels. My meaning simply is, that whatever I have devoted myself to I have devoted myself to completely; that in great aims and in small I have been thoroughly in earnest. I have never believed it possible that any one of whatever ability can claim freedom from the companionship of the steady, plain, hard-working qualities, and hope to gain his end. Some happy talent and some fortunate opportunity may form the two sides of the ladder on which some men may mount; but the rounds of that ladder must be made of stuff to stand wear and tear; and there is no substitute for thorough-going, ardent and sincere earnestness. Never to put my hand on anything on which I could not throw my whole self; and never to affect depreciation of my work, whatever it was, I find now to have been my golden rules.

WE'LL SING ALL HAIL TO JESUS' NAME.

MUSIC BY JOS. COSSLETT.

Moderato.

He passed the portals of the grave,
 Salvation was His song!
 He called upon the sin-bound soul
 To join the heavenly throng.

He seized the keys of death and hell.
 And bruised the serpent's head;
 He bid the prison doors unfold,
 The grave wield up her dead.

The bread and wine do represent
 His sacrifice for sin;

Ye Saints, partake, and testify
 Ye do remember Him.

The sacrament the soul inspires,
 And calms the human breast;
 Points to the time when faithful Saints
 Shall enter into rest.

Then hail, all hail, to such a Prince,
 Who saves us by His blood!
 He's marked the way, and bids us tread
 The path that leads to God.

ENIGMA.

BY MRS. F. A. PASCOE.

To find my first in Russia look,
 Or in the title of this book;
 My second is in Italy,
 Though never seen in Rome;
 My third you'll find in China, or
 The mountains near at home;
 One letter more there is to find,
 And then your task is done,
 And if you wish to find it out
 Just look at Washington.

Arrange these four letters and then will appear
 The name of a place that to many is dear.

No wooden men set up in rows,
 Or marshaled off in pairs;
 No little stockings to be darned,
 All ragged at the toes;
 No pile of mending to be done,
 Made up of baby clothes;
 No little troubles to be soothed,
 No little hands to fold;
 No grimy fingers to be washed,
 No stories to be told;
 No tender kisses to be given,
 No pet names, "Lamb" and "Dove;"
 No merry frolics after tea—
 No baby there to love!

NO BABY IN THE HOUSE.

No baby in the house, I know—
 'Tis far too nice and clean:
 No toys by careless fingers strewn
 Upon the floor are seen;
 No finger-marks are on the panes,
 No scratches on the chair;

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